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REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SER-MON FULL OF HOPE.

Help For the Hopeless Through the Name of Christ-The Need of Sympathy-Fulfilment of a Great Promise -A Mighty

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23 .- This sermon Washington, Feb. 23.—This sermon punds the note of triumph, a note that all will be glad to hear in these times, when so many are uttering and writing jeremiads of discouragement. Dr. Talmage took as his text Genesis xlix, 19, "Unto him shall the gathering of the

"Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Through a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophescope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities 53 miles northeast of Rome, a couper plate tablet was found. of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing the death warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise: "In the year 17 of the empire of Tibert-

us Casar, and on the 25th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the Prætore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintius Cornellius to lead him forth to the place of execution."

offers as Worshipers.

The death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi, Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the third crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Dismost the transport the of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate, de-scribing the tragedy, says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They scribe his birth to bastardy and his death to excrudiation. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archæologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in his day—that he was held by many in his day—that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription, "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth today is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become the worshipers. Of the 20 most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day 16 have come back to Christ. ain in our day 16 have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—16 out of the 20. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C. or A. D.—B. C., before Christ; A. D., Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the cross of the Son of God, B. C., A. D. I do not care what you call himwhether Conqueror, or King, or Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Balm of Gilesd, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother or Friend, or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text, and call him Shilob, which means his Son, or the Tran-quilator, or the Peacemaker, Shilob. I only want to tell you that "unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ for pardon. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his life-time behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been lever to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought nev-er to have thought. I must somehow get things readjusted, I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah, my prother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not crase the record of our misdoing with a dash of, ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow, and then against his pierced side, and with the rimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the accusatory chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh, never be anxious about the future; better be anxious about the past. I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front—mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin par-doning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathdening Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Oh!" says some man, "I have for 40 years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "Oh!" says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers and the tenderest of nothers and for my profile them. mothers, and for my perfldy there is no Do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "But," says an-other man, "I fear I have committed what they call the unpardonable sin, and the Bible says if a man commit that sin, he is neither to be forgiven in this world no the world to come. Do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you? Oh, the grace of God which bringeth salvation!

For the Worst Sinners.

The grace of God! Let us take the surteyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one sur-veyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mer-cy. Aye, you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matter-horns beyond, and waving his hands back to us in the plains he says, "Past finding out; unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." . You no-tice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sin-ners—David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Rahab a great sinner, Magdalene a great sinner, the Prodigal Son a great sin-ner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half and half sin-ner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will

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we all want sympathy. I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. When parts of our family are away, how lonely the house seems until they all get home! But, alas! for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? will they never again knoel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for

Alas me, who can stand under these griefs! Oh, Christ, thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else. It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that came to bid peace. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles, and all those desolated homesteads, and all those broken hearts, and persuade us it is well. Need For Sympathy.

The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says, "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have rages on for 30 years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh, what you want is sympathy. The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy—sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their thy in their fatigues, sympathy in their boreavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical all-meuts, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years—wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the cord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clinches, and he prepares to do battle even though it be against the heavens; yet what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion! Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through-what courage it gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightler is a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story, who, when all his fortunes were gone could write on the top of the empty flour barrel, "The Lord will provide," or write on the door of the empty wardrobe, "Con-sider the illies of the field; if God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours!" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his fathe says: "Be off! Never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's arm outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the governor, begging for pardon, hoping on for her wayward boy after all others are hopeless. Or let her tell the story who, under villainous al-lurement and impatient of parental re-straint, has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandon ment, away from God, and further away. until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? Who will gather these dishonored locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whis-per becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother!

A Variety of Demons.

Oh, there is something beautiful in symsathy-in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy! Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnaped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzle? How if it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed tonight? How if my little one, hone or was hor way. tle one-bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh-were tonight carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting—that sorrow worse than death?" Then, when they found her, why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray say, "Thank God?" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy. Oh, yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starying thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages, and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the wees of all who will come to him. who will come to him. Oh, what a God, what a Saviour we have!

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embank-ments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturb ince, the demon of destruction.

La Place says he saw one world in whe northern hemisphere 16 months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that

in sur years 1,000 worses have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that 1,500 worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lu-nar, solar catastrophes innumerable. But it seems as if the most sorrows have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Ticuboro, of 12,000 inhabitants only 26 people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon in five mingtes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland, burying the village of Gol-dau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth the Caribbean islands broken off from America. Three is-lands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants-a great surge of the sea breaks over them, and 214,000 perish "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish bitten, come into this refuge. The roll of those who came for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of to Europe, part coming to America over the tablelands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippl, and we are find-ing now the remains of their mounds and their cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the tablelands of the west. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance, but archeologists have found out it was history, and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archæologists, and the Challenger and the Dolphin and the Gazelle have dropped anchor, and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of

Oh, there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora and the fauns-astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, domestic trouble—and stand-ing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations, I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort, and they are found not in the Brahma of the Hindoo or the Allah of the Mohammedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be. Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this rock of ages will never be shaken from its foundations. The same Christ who fed the 5,000 will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bar-timeus will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the arcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to him shall the gathering of the people be." Ah, my friends, when Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world, it will not take him long to lift it.

coveries and inventions by which through quick and instantaneous communication all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions which have been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sub-lime and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and, all lands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous and singuous connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may, through telephonic communication, in an instant announce to all nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ, and then, putting the wendrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his

only begotten Son.' You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over 40 years of age can scarcely expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest fields will be at the door of the garner when the sheaves come in. work for which in this world we tolled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achieve We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors.

The Great Victory. We who fought in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who reddened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah, yea, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple, those who could only crape a bandful of lint for a wounded soldier, those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude, those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God, those who could only lift a little child in the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as a Chrysostom. It will be your victory and mine, as well as Christ's. He the conqueror, we shouting in his train, Christ the victor will pick out the hum-blest of his disciples in the crowd, and turning half around on the white horse of victory he shall point her out for approval by the multitude as he says, "She did what she could." Then putting his hand on the head of some man, who by his in-dustry made one talent do the work of ten, he will say, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over ten cities." Two different theories about the fulfillment of this promise

There are people who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Per-haps he may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra, and the Taj Mahai, and St. Mark's, and the Winter palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stir-rup as the king mounts. Oh, what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ

From A Findlay Mother.

"Having used Dr. Hand's Colic Cure for my baby, I can fully recommend it. I have used a great many medicines for baby col'c, and none have done so much good. I will hereafter use no other remedy for colicky babies.—Mrs. L. Tanner. Findlay, Ohio."
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would break through the heavens, and right here where he has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled—"Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." But failing in that, I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on his brow—of the bronzed all nations on his brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors—arch of Trajan, arch of Titus, arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this king of kings and lord of lords and conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly do-minion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlebem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! The tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs and the shout of the riders! Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thou sands. Put up in heaven's library, right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

While overlasting ages roll Eternal love shall feast their soul And scenes of bliss forever new Rise in succession to their view.

Photographing In the Dark. Georges d'Infreville, an electrical engineer and a scientist of repute and renown, is at work on a line of experiments by which he says he will be enabled to take a photograph in absolute darkness. He writes to The Electrical Engineer of New York that, in view of the discussion about Dr. Roentgen's discoveries, he feels that it is now necessary for him to an-nounce to the world what he hopes to soon accomplish. It is with great reluctance, he says, that I now publish my claims to a process for secretly photographing and seeing objects at night or in darkness without the use of the well known flashlight. This process has engaged my at-tention for several years, and one of the reasons I have kept it almost exclusively to myself and a few trusted friends is that I am still engaged in research in view of useful additions to it. On the other hand, the complete description of the theory and of its practical application is out of the question, as it would at once destroy most

question, as it would at once destroy most of its value commercially.

I will state, however, so as not to mislead any one, that the photographing or seeing in darkness does not give the same result as in daylight when obtained by the present well known means. Some parts do not seem to appear as well; some others seem to be more visible. seem to be more visible; some features which were entirely invisible in daylight seem to be curiously disclosed, even in some cases when covered by other sub-stances. Electricity has not a little to do with my process, but I would rather not tell to what extent for the present. I may conclude by reminding the reader that many animals can see in darkness. The cat and others of the feline family, the owl, the bat and even the horse to some extent, are samples of it. Man has already outdone animals in other respects. Why could he not do it also in this one?

To the Sufferers of Rheumatism

After using Groff's Rheumatic Cure or some time in my practice I take great pleasure in saying that it is a most wouderful remedy for Rheumatism; in fact, it is the only one I have found for the cure of this disease in all its various froms
tf Dr. E. E. Tull, Chicago.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CIGARETTES. An Average of Two Hundred For Each

Male Adult Made Here Every Year. About the only "fabulous figures" (or figures thought to be fabulous by many) used to be those of the corn crop of the United States, exceeding 1,000,000,000 bushels a year and touching in 1891 the enormous total of 2,060,000,000. But these mammoth figures of the production of corn in the United States are totally eclipsed by the figures of cigarette manufacture, the total number of cigarettes made in this ountry last year being 3,620,000,000. total number of male persons in the Unit-ed States between the ages of 18 and 44 was returned by the last census as 13,230, 000, but adding those above 44 years of age and making allowance for the increase of population since 1890, it is safe to say that there are 18,000,000 men and boys of arette smoking" age in the United States, and this would give an average of 200 cig arettes for each man and boy in the re public every year, provided of course that signrette smoking was general instead of being, as it is, restricted to a very small fraction of the whole population, mostly in the cities and large towns, An average of 200 cigarettes apiece a year for the whole male population of the country above the age of 18 gives a fair

idea not only of the consumption of ciga-rettes, which is now almost stationary in volume, but also of the manfacture of cig arettes, which is practically limited to three states. At the head of all others comes New York, which manufactures in a year just about one-half of all the cigarettes consumed - 1,800,000,000. Then omes Virginia, with a record last year of 825,000,000, and third North Carolina, uncomfortably near the foot in other matters of manufacture, with 740,000,000. These three states may be sold to monopolize the cigarette making business for after them come, quite a distance behind, Louisiana with 150,000,000 and Maryland with 36,-000,000. New York state enjoys the dis-tinction not only of making, but of smoking more cigarettes than any other state in the Union, whereas it can be said in extenuation of North Carolina and Virginia that they make cigarettes for consumption elsewhere, not for home use. The con sumption of tobacco for eigarette mak ing , though a well defined popular prejudice rejects the idea of any tobacco being used in cigarettes, is 12,000,000 pounds a year, and of this 0,000,000 pounds are used by the New York cigarette factories, 3,300,000 pounds by the Virginia factories and 2,500,000 by the North Carolina factories. By far the largest part of the North Carolina tobacco crop goes for elgarettes. This is not true of any state except Vir-

The number of cigars manufactured in the United States last year, including, of course, those said to be "imported," was 400,100,000, and at the head of all the states in the manufacture of these was Pennsylvania, New York coming second, Ohio third, Illinois fourth, and Florida (Key West) fifth. It is encouraging for New Yorkers to know that, although Pennsylvania made more eigars than this state, New York used more tobacco in hers. Kentucky raises an enormous amount of tobacco, but does not use very much of it for manufacturing purposes, Kentucky tobacco being sent to other states. The Kentucky tobacco crop last year was 190,000,000 pounds, of which less than 900,000 pounds were manufactured in the state. Connecticut, too, raises nuch tobacco and manufactures little. Eighteen pounds of tobacco are required for 1,000 cigars and 3½ pounds of tobacco

for 1,000 cigarettes .- New York Sun. Congressman Cannon has a dry wit. To constituent who was urging him to favor a certain appropriation recently the Illi-nois veteran replied: "You do not understand my duties to the government. I am not chairman of this committee for the purpose of making appropriations, but to prevent appropriations."



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